

# The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.  
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OFFICE,  
Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR-IN ADVANCE

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## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

The following firms are advertised in our columns. From personal acquaintance with these business houses we feel perfectly justified in warmly recommending them to the readers of the GAZETTE. For particulars, read their advertisements in detail.

CLOTHING--READY MADE & TO ORDER.  
Watson & Co., 813 Broad St. Newark.  
E. Dunham & Co., 815 Broad St.

HATS, CAPS AND SUMMER HATS.  
Robert Duff, 441 Broad St. Newark.  
R. F. Jolley & Co., 829 Broad St.  
Jas. Moon, 435 Broad St.  
N. A. Merritt, cor. Broad & Orange sts.

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.  
J. L. Edwards, 495 Broad St.  
L. Fennell, 477 " "  
R. F. Jolley & Co., 829 Broad St.  
W. A. Maunier, 493 " "  
C. H. Wyman, Montclair.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c.  
J. G. Keyler, Bloomfield.  
Baldwin & Meeker, Newark.  
Douglas, Sons & Co., 797 Broad Street.

DRY GOODS.  
Marvin Dodd & Co., 677 Broad St. Newark.  
A. Grant, Jr. & Co., 491 " "  
Higgins & Freeman, 499 " "  
J. McLaughlin, 679 " "  
W. V. Snyder & Co., 727 Broad St.  
Walsh & Waterfield, 701 " "  
T. McManus, Market St. Bloomfield.

E. White, W. L. Doremus & Co., Montclair.  
C. H. Wyman, S. M. Lederer, 207 Greenwich St., N. York.  
S. Salzberger, 243 Greenwich St.

HANDMADE TOOLS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS,  
Hargrave & Hayes, Bloomfield.  
Edward Wilde, Rising & Thorne, 475 Broad St., Newark.

GAS FITTING PLUMBING, FURNACES, &c.  
N. N. Crane, O'Malley & Arson, Bloomfield.  
J. R. Harvey, Hargrave & Hayes, Angell, Atwater & Co., 706 Broadway, N. Y.

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Cawley & Bliss, 721 " Newark.  
Fox & Platt, 683 " "  
Miss M. J. O'Connell, 518 " "

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Cawley & Snyder, 489 " "  
C. Garabrand, 885 " "  
B. Irwin, 779 " "  
Horace Dodd, Bloomfield.  
J. Bataille, Montclair.  
W. Jacobus, " "

CARRIAGES, HARNESS.  
C. C. Corby, Montclair.  
J. J. Hansen, Bloomfield.  
M. H. Dodd, " "

GROCERIES.  
Martin Brothers, Bloomfield.  
E. Wilde, Montclair.  
M. R. Maxwell, " "  
W. L. Doremus, Bragaw & Bates, 468 Broad-st., Newark.  
J. H. Bochen & Bro., 98 Barclay-st., N. Y.  
Hecker, 303 Cherry street, Boyle & Lyles, Park Place.

BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY, etc.  
G. W. Money Penny, Bloomfield.  
W. Neiderhauser, Montclair.  
Jacob Fassel, Newark.

DENTISTRY.  
Dr. W. E. Pinkham, 476 Broad-st., Newark.  
Dr. Geo. Innes, Montclair.  
Dr. P. J. Koonz, 1 Great Jones-st., N. Y.

PAINTING, PAPER HANGING, &c.  
Hayden & Owens, Montclair.  
S. P. Davis, 588 Broad-st., Newark.

SCHOOLS.  
Newark Academy, High-street, Newark.  
Grammar and High School, Bloomfield.  
Miss Shibley's School, " "  
Miss Michell, " "

PHOTOGRAPHY.  
Blake, Cor. Broad and Orange-st., Newark.

MISCELLANEOUS.  
Cook--J. N. Van Liew, Bloomfield.  
WATCHMAKER--R. Lewty, Bloomfield.

DRUGS.  
Dr. W. H. White, Bloomfield.  
Betzler & Wheeler, Montclair.  
Hind & Murphy, 81 Barclay-st. New York.

ARCHITECTS.  
Briggs & Colman, Newark.  
H. Lamb.

GRANITE WORKS--Church & Williams, " "  
CHICKEN, POTTERY, DRAIN PIPE.

E. Wilde, Bloomfield.  
W. L. Doremus, Montclair.  
J. H. Osborn, Belleville Ave. Newark.

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Wm. Jacobus, Montclair.  
Wm. H. Harris, " "

STATIONERY.  
E. Madison, Montclair.  
Lyon & Ames, 97 Thomas-st., New York.

TOYS AND FANCY GOODS.  
Hagell's Bazaar, 77 Broad-st., Newark.  
Sewer Machines--R. Peale, 480 Broad-st., Newark.

FURS.  
Burnett, 10 Academy-st., " "  
N. A. Merritt, 60 Orange-st., " "

MILINERY AND DRESS MAKING.  
W. S. Hedenberg, 689 Broad St., Newark.  
Miss Ripley, 556 " "  
Mrs. Davies, 553 " "

## Dentists.

DR. P. J. KOONZ,  
DENTIST,  
No. 1 GREAT JONES ST. near Broadway,  
NEW YORK.  
Laughing Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

DENTISTRY.  
W. P. PINKHAM, D.D.S.,  
(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College),  
476 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.  
Refers by permission to Messrs. Wm. B. Gould, Jr., Gen. F. H. Harris, Dr. A. Ward, W. T. Moore, G. R. Kent, of Newark; Dr. Love and Pinkham of Montclair, and Dr. Wilmarth of East Orange.

ALEXANDER MCKIRGAN,  
Successor to Reed & McKirgan.

DENTIST.  
No. 48 Bank Street, NEWARK, N. J.  
Laughing Gas administered. dec20-ly

## Architects.

BRIGGS & COIMAN,  
ARCHITECTS,  
443 BROAD STREET, RHODES' BUILDING,  
NEWARK, N. J.

J. I. BRIGGS, ERNEST COIMAN  
ARCHITECTURE--HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.  
Parties contemplating building homes will find it to their interest to call on the undersigned, who has made a specialty of DWELLINGS, and can show plans for neat cottages from \$1000 and upwards.

H. LAMB, Architect,  
Sep30-3m Cor. Broad & Market-sts. Newark.

## Photography.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS, 25 per Doz.  
Pictures copied, enlarged and finished in any style desired at lower prices than any other gallery on the City at  
BLAKE & CO'S PHOTOGRAPH & FERRO-TYPE ROOMS,  
Cor. Broad and Orange Streets 4th corner below M. & E. R. R. NEWARK.

Pictures taken in all weathers. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. May10-ly

## Wall Papers, Curtains, &c.

SAMUEL P. DAVIS,  
LACE CURTAINS,  
WALL PAPERS,  
WINDOW SHADES,

WHITE AND BUFF HOLLANDS,  
NO. 583 BROAD ST. (near Nesbitt) NEWARK.  
All orders promptly attended to. Feb23-ly

PUBLISHERS  
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,  
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,  
138 & 140 GRAND STREET,  
NEW YORK.

Our new Descriptive Catalogue of the American Educational Series and the Educational Reporter will be sent to teachers and educationalists on application.

CONFECTIONERY.  
FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM.

OYSTERS.  
FALL ANNOUNCEMENT!!  
The Citizens of Newark and vicinity are informed that "FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM" will be continued in the Fall and Winter the same as in the Summer. No postponement on account of the weather.

The same Delicious Creams and Ice, WILL BE MADE AND SERVED TO Families, Boarding Houses, Balls, Societies, &c.

AT THE SAME LOW PRICES AS IN THE SUMMER.  
Boarding house keepers will find great advantage in having ICE CREAM for a DESSERT two or three times a week--they can cook up nothing that is cheaper or more refreshing.

ALL THE USUAL KINDS OF CREAM.  
Will be kept, besides the French Cream. We have all kinds of  
FANCY MOULDS,  
Both large and small, of Birds, Animals, Men, Fruit, &c. Estimates will be given for serving

WEDDINGS AND PARTIES  
with all Refreshments needed, including the BIG CAKE. Our Saloon will be more attractive than ever. Besides Ice Cream and Ice, we are now serving up

OYSTERS, SCALLOPS,  
Tea, Coffee, Charlotte Russe, &c.  
Ladies will find our Saloon everything they desire.

The same liberal policy that characterizes us in Ice Cream will be observed in regard to Oysters, &c., so drop in see us.

FUSSELL,  
No. 308 BROAD STREET.

## Banks, Insurance, &c.

North Ward National Bank  
OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.  
THIS Institution commenced business on the 24th of February last, in the Rhodes Building, No. 443 Broad Street, nearly opposite the M. & E. R. R. Depot. It is very conveniently located for residents of Bloomfield, Montclair and vicinity who may desire to have banking facilities in Newark.

DIRECTORS.  
H. M. Rhodes, C. A. Fisher,  
J. G. Darling, Wm. Titus,  
E. G. Faint, E. L. McNaughton,  
J. Ward Woodruff, Joseph Feder,  
P. T. Doremus, Joseph M. Smith,  
Benj. F. Crane, Joseph Coddit,  
George Row, George Row, Cashier.

PEOPLES'  
Savings Institution,  
443 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.  
NEWARK, Oct. 18, 1873.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, a dividend at the rate of 7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM, was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st of November, payable on or after November 15th, and if not drawn to be counted as principal from November 1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st, will draw interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President,  
ALEXANDER GRANT, Treasurer.

CITIZENS'  
Insurance Company,  
443 BROAD STREET,  
NEWARK, N. J.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.  
ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.  
JAS. J. DARLING, President.  
A. P. SCHARFF, Secretary.  
C. BRADLEY, Surveyor.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.  
NEWARK, N. J.  
Statement, January 1st, 1873

Balance as per statement, Jan. 1, 1872, \$23,241,795 81  
Received for premiums during the year 1872, \$5,344,168 51  
Received for interest during the year 1872, 1,304,116 18  
Received for annuities during the year 1872, 770 99

Total receipts for 1872, \$29,890,070 50  
Paid claims by death \$1,911,444 72  
Paid dividends for 1872, 40,301 11  
Paid surrendered policies, 286,024 06  
Paid advertising, 64,004 90  
Paid contingent expenses, \$8,845 91  
Paid postage and exchange, 11,061 49  
Paid taxes and interest on investments, 54,444 00  
Paid commissions to agents, 406,943 88  
Paid physicians' fees, 20,382 22  
Paid salaries, 1,465 70  
Paid return premiums, 1,600 436 00

\$34,573,063 91  
\$24,909,065 08  
\$9,663,998 83  
\$2,964 94  
\$25,457,797 82

ASSETS.  
Cash on hand \$30,717 94  
Real estate, 149,082 32  
United States securities, 1,551,500 00  
State city and county bonds, 1,125,800 00  
Bonds and mortgages, 10,234,302 70  
Loans on policies in force, 6,852,970 90  
Loans on scrip, 1,405 41  
Due for premiums, 118,978 35  
Interest due and accrued, 524,681 86  
Premiums due and not yet received, 20,382 22  
On January 1st, 1873, 459,061 96  
Total assets January 1, 1873, \$35,511,151 41

Total of Expenses to Income, (excluding taxes) 3.57 per cent.  
The dividend of Return Premiums declared by the directors in 1872, will be paid to the assured, as their premiums fall due to 1873, in conformity with the rules of the Company.

LEWIS C. GROVER, President.  
H. M. CONRAD, Vice President.  
EDWARD A. STROUD, Secretary.  
BERNARD C. MILLER, Treasurer.

Feb. 26-1

ASHURY LIFE INSURANCE CO.,  
Office, 308 BROADWAY,  
Corner North St., NEW YORK.

C. C. NORTON, President,  
A. V. STOUT, Vice Presidents.  
M. D. SAVIN, Vice Presidents.  
W. R. FLUWARTY, Secretary.

Reliable Agents Wanted--To those who will give their whole time to the business, liberal terms will be granted.

## The Blue and the Gray.

A HOSPITAL SKETCH.

"Don't bring him in here; every corner is full--and I'm glad of it," added the nurse under her breath, eyeing with strong disfavor the gaunt figure lying on the stretcher in the doorway.

"Where shall we put him, then?" They won't have him in either of the other wards on this floor. He's ordered up here, and here he must stay if he's put in the hall--poor devil!" said the foremost bearer, looking around the crowded room in despair.

The nurse's eye followed him, and both saw a thin hand beckoning from the end of the long ward.

"It's Murry; I'll see what he wants," said Miss Murry, lifting her head, and here he must stay if he's put in the hall--poor devil!" said the foremost bearer, looking around the crowded room in despair.

"There's room here, if you turn my bed round, you see. Don't let them leave him in the hall," said Murry, lifting his great eyes to hers, brilliant with the fever burning his strength away, and pathetic with the silent protest of life against death.

"It's like you to think of it; but he's a rebel," began Miss Murry.

"So much more reason to take him in. I don't mind having him here; but it will distress me dreadfully to know that any poor soul was turned away from the comfort of this ward especially."

The look he gave her made the words an eloquent compliment, and his pity for a fallen enemy reproached her for her own lack of it. Her face softened as she nodded, and glanced about the recess.

"You will have the light in your eyes, and only the little table between you and a very disagreeable neighbor," she said.

"I can shut my eyes if the light troubles them; I've nothing else to do now," he answered, with a faint laugh. "I was too comfortable before; I'd more than my share of luxury; so bring him along, and it will be all right."

The order was given, and, after a brief bustle, the two narrow beds stood side by side in the recess under the organ-loft--for the hospital had been a church. Left alone for a moment, the two men eyed each other silently.

Murry saw a tall, sallow man; with fierce black eyes, wild hair and beard, and a thin-lipped, cruel mouth. A ragged gray uniform was visible under the blanket thrown over him; and in strange contrast to the squalor of his dress, and the neglect of his person, was the diamond ring that shone on his unwounded hand.

The right arm was bound up, the right leg amputated at the knee; and though the man's face was white and haggard with suffering, not a sound escaped him as he lay with his bold eyes fixed defiantly upon his neighbor.

John Clay, the new comer, saw opposite him a small, wasted figure, and a plain face; yet both face and figure were singularly attractive, for suffering seemed to have refined away all the grosser elements, and left the spiritual very visible through that frail tenement of flesh. Pale-brown hair streaked the hollow temples and white forehead. A deep color burned in the cheeks still tanned by the wind and weather of a long campaign.

The mouth was grave and sweet, and in the gray eyes lay an infinite patience touched with melancholy. He wore a dressing-gown, but across his feet lay a faded coat of army blue. As the other watched him, he saw a shadow pass across his tranquil face, and for a moment he laid his wasted hand over the eyes that had been so full of fire. Then he gently pushed a mug of fresh water, and the last of a bunch of grapes, toward the exhausted rebel, saying, in a cordial tone, "You look faint and thirsty; have 'em."

Clay's lips were parched, and his hand went involuntarily toward the cup; but he caught it back, and leaning forward, asked in a shrill whisper, "Where are you hurt?"

"A shot in the side," answered Murry, visibly surprised at the man's manner.

"What battle?" "The Wilderness."

"Is it bad?" "I'm dying of wound-fever; there's no hope, they say."

That reply, so simple, so serenely given, would have touched almost any hearer; but Clay smiled grimly, and lay down as if satisfied, with his one hand clenched, and an exulting glitter in his eyes, muttering to himself, "The loss of my leg comes easier after hearing that."

"Murry saw his lips move, but caught no sound, and asked with friendly solicitude, "Do you want any thing, neighbor?"

"Yes--to be let alone," was the curt reply, with a savage frown.

"That's easily done. I shan't trouble you very long, any way," said, with a sigh, Murry turned his face away, and lay silent till the surgeon came up on his morning round.

"Oh, you're here, are you? It's like Murry Carrol to take you in," said Dr. Fitzhugh as he surveyed the rebel with a slight frown; for, in spite of his benevolence and skill, he was a staunch loyalist, and hated the South as he did sin.

"Don't praise me; he never would have been here but for Murry," answered Miss Murry, as she approached with her dressing-tray in her hand.

"Bless the lad! he'll give up his bed next, and feel offended if he's thanked for it. How are you, my good fellow?" and the doctor turned to press the hot hand with a friendly face.

"Much easier and stronger, thank you, doctor, was the cheerful answer.

"Less fever, pulse better, breath free--good symptoms. Keep on so for twenty-four hours, and, by my soul, I believe you'll have a chance for your life, Murry," cried the doctor, as his experienced eye took note of a hopeful change.

"In spite of the opinion of three good surgeons to the contrary?" asked Murry, with a wistful smile.

"Hang every body's opinion! We are but mortal men, and the best of us make mistakes in spite of science and experience. There's Parker; we all gave him up, and the rascal is lurking round Washington as well as ever to-day. While there's life, there's hope; so cheer up, my lad, and do your best for the little girl at home."

"Do you really think I may hope?" cried Murry, white with the joy of this unexpected reprieve.

"Hope is a capital medicine, and I prescribe it for a day at least. Don't build on this change too much, but if you are as well to-morrow as this morning, I give you my word I think you'll pull through."

Murry laid his hands over his face with a broken "thank God for that!" and the doctor turned away with a sorrowful "Hem!" and an air of intense satisfaction.

During this conversation Miss Murry had been watching the rebel, who looked and listened to the others so intently that he forgot her presence. She saw an expression of rage and disappointment gather in his face as the doctor spoke; and when Murry accepted the hope held out to him, Clay set his teeth with an evil look that would have boded ill for his neighbor had he not been helpless.

"Ungrateful traitor! I'll watch him, for he'll do mischief if he can," she thought, and reluctantly began to unbind his arm for the doctor's inspection.

"Only a flesh wound--no bones broken--a good syringing, rubber cushion, plenty of water, and it will soon heal. You'll attend to that, Miss Murry; this stump is more in my line," said Dr. Fitzhugh turned to the leg, leaving the arm to the nurse's skillful care.

"Evidently amputated in a hurry, and neglected since. If you're not careful, young man, you'll change places with your neighbor here."

"Damn him!" muttered Clay in his beard, with an emphasis which caused the doctor to glance at his vengeful face. "Don't be a brute, if you can help it. But for him, you'd have fared ill, beggar the doctor."

But for him, I never should have been here," muttered the man in French, with a furtive glance about the room.

"You owe this to him?" asked the doctor, touching the wound, and speaking in the same tongue.

"Yes; but he paid for it--at least, I thought he had."

"By the Lord! if you are the sneak I rascal that shot him as he lay wounded in the ambulance, I shall be tempted to leave you to your fate!" cried the doctor, with a wrathful flash in his keen eyes.

"Do it, then, for it was I!" answered the man defiantly, adding, as if anxious to explain, "We had a truce, and each got hurt in the thick of the skirmish. He was put in the ambulance afterward, and I was left to live or die, as luck would have it. I was hurt on the wrist; they should have taken me too; it made me mad to see him chosen, and I fired my last shot as he drove away. I didn't know whether I hit him or not; but when they told me I must lose my leg, I hoped I had, and now I am satisfied."

He spoke rapidly, with clenched hand; add fiery eyes, and the two listeners watched him with a sort of fascination as he hissed out the last words, glancing at the occupant of the next bed. Murry evidently did not understand French; he lay with averted face, closed eyes, and a hopeful smile still on his lips, quite unconscious of the meaning of the fierce words uttered close beside him. Dr. Fitzhugh had laid down his instruments, and knitted his black brows fiercely while he listened. But as the man paused, the doctor looked at Miss Murry, who was quietly going on with her work, though there was an expression about her handsome mouth that made her womanly face look almost grim. Taking up his tools, the doctor followed her example, saying slowly,

"If I didn't believe Murry was mending, I'd turn you over to Roberts, whom the patients dread as they do the devil. I must do my duty, and you may thank Murry for it."

"Does he know you are the man who shot him?" asked Murry, still in French.

"No; I shouldn't stay here long if he did," answered Clay, with a short laugh.

"Don't tell him, then--at least, till you are moved," she said, in a tone of command.

"Where am I going?" demanded the man.

"Anywhere out of my ward," was the brief answer, with a look that made the black eyes waver and fill.

In silence nurse and doctor did their work, and passed on. In silence Murry lay hour after hour, and silently Clay watched and waited, till utterly exhausted by the suffering he was too proud to confess, he sank into a stupor, oblivious alike of hatred, defeat and pain. Finding him in this pitiable condition, Murry relented, and womanly forgot her contempt in pity. He was not moved, but tended carefully all that day and night; and when he woke from a heavy sleep, the morning sun shone again on two pale faces in the beds, and flashed on the buttons of two army coats hanging side by side on the recess wall, on loyalist and rebel, on the blue and the gray.

Dr. Fitzhugh stood beside Murry's cot, saying cheerily, "You are doing well, my lad--better than I hoped. Keep calm and cool, and if all goes right, we'll have little Murry here to pet you in a week."

"Who's Murry?" whispered the rebel to the attendant who was washing his face.

"His sweetheart," he left her for the war, and she's waiting for him back--poor soul!" answered the man, with a somewhat vicious scowl across the sal-low cheek he was wiping.

"So he'll get well, and go home and marry the girl he left behind him, will he?" sneered Clay, fingering a little case that hung about his neck, and was now visible as his rough valet unbuttoned his shirt.

"What's that--your sweetheart's picture?" asked Ben, the attendant, eyeing the gold chain anxiously.

"I've got none," was the gruff answer.

"So much the worse for you, then. Small chance of getting home here; our girls won't look at you, and you ain't likely to see any of your own sort for a long spell, I reckon," added Ben, rasping away at the rebel's long-neglected hair.

Clay lay looking at Murry Carrol as he went to and fro among the men, leaving a smile behind him, and carrying comfort wherever he turned--a right womanly woman, lovely and lovable, strong yet tender, patient yet decided, skillful, kind, and tireless in the discharge of duties that would have daunted most women. It was in vain she wore the plain gray gown and long apron, for neither could hide the grace of her figure. It was in vain she brushed her luxuriant hair back into a net for the way looks would fall on her forehead, and stray curls would creep out or glisten like gold under the meshes meant to conceal them. Many days and watchful nights had faded the beautiful bloom on her cheeks, or dimmed the brightness of her hazel eyes. Always ready, fresh, and fair, Murry Carrol was regarded as the good angel of the hospital, and not a man in it, sick or well, but was a loyal friend to her. None dared to be a lover, for her little fondness was known; and, though still a maid, she was a widow in her eyes, for she had sent her lover to his death, and over the brave man's grave had said, "Well done."

Ben watched Clay as his eye followed the one female figure there, and, observing that she clutched the case still tighter, asked again,

"What is that--a charm?" "Yes--against pain, captivity, and shame."

"Strikes me it ain't kep' you from any one of 'em," said Ben, with a laugh.

"I haven't tried it yet."

"How does it work?" Ben asked more respectfully, being impressed by something in the rebel's manner.

"You will see when I use it. Now let me alone; and Clay turned impatiently away.

"You've got pison, or some devilry in that thing. If you don't let me look, I swear I'll have it took away from you," and Ben put his big hand on the slender chain with a resolute air.

Clay smiled a scornful smile, and offered the trinket, saying coolly,

"I only fooled you. Look as much as you like; you'll find nothing dangerous."

Ben opened the pocket, saw a curl of gray hair, and nothing more.

"Is that your mother's?" "Yes; my dead mother's."

It was strange to see the instantaneous change that passed over the two men as each uttered that dearest word in all tongues. Rough Ben gently re-closed and returned the case, saying kindly,

"Keep it; I wouldn't rob you on't for no money."

Clay thrust it jealously into his breast, and the first trace of emotion he had shown softened his dark face, as he answered, with a grateful tremor in his voice,

"Thank you. I wouldn't lose it for the world."

"May I say good-morning, neighbor?" asked a feeble voice, as Murry turned a very wan but cheerful face toward him, when Ben moved on with his basin and towel.